



AVON
AND

10c

CITY OF THE LIVING DEAD!

The GLISTENING DEATH!
The WITCHES COME
AT MIDNIGHT!

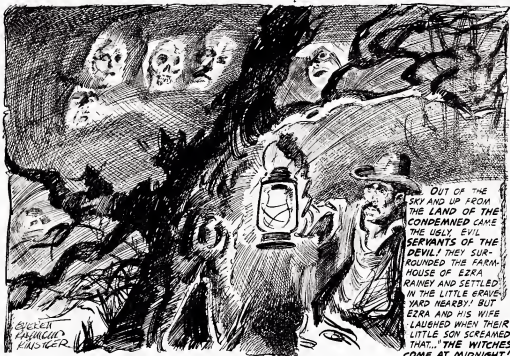
"CITY of the LIVING DEAD!"



AN UNKNOWN TERROR HUNG OVER THE EERIE, DESERTED MEXICAN VILLAGE OF GUETANA. ANNE MARTIN SENSED THE PRESENCE OF THIS HORROR THERE! SHE FOUND OUT TOO LATE THAT SHE HAD ENTERED THE... "CITY OF THE LIVING DEAD!"



THE MONSTER WAS EERIE AND DEADLY! ONLY ITS VICTIMS KNEW THAT IT SOMETIMES WALKED FROM THE DISMAL SWAMPLAND IN 'ANOTHER FORM-- BUT ITS VICTIMS COULDN'T TALK, FOR NO ONE COULD ESCAPE THE CRUNCHING JAWS OF... "THE GLISTENING DEATH!"



OUT OF THE SKY AND UP FROM THE LAND OF THE CONDEMNED CAME THE UGLY, EVIL SERVANTS OF THE DEVIL! THEY SURROUNDED THE FARMHOUSE OF EZRA RAINEY AND SETTLED IN THE LITTLE GRAVEYARD NEARBY! BUT EZRA AND HIS WIFE LAUGHED WHEN THEIR LITTLE SON SCREAMED THAT... "THE WITCHES COME AT MIDNIGHT!"

CITY OF THE LIVING DEAD!

LOOK! PEOPLE WHO
HAVE NEVER DIED!

THEY'RE WHAT
WE NEED!

THEY'RE WHAT
WE MUST
HAVE!

WHAT DARK ABYSS OF THE UNKNOWN SPAWNED THE GHASTLY CREATURES WHO WERE THE ONLY INHABITANTS OF QUETANA? WHY WERE THEY HERE? WHAT DID THEY WANT? PROFESSOR BOB MARTIN AND HIS BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WIFE LEARNED THE TERRIBLE ANSWERS, THAT FATEFUL NIGHT THEY SPENT IN THE ...

**CITY OF THE
LIVING DEAD!**

IN YUCATAN, NEAR THE COAST OF THE GULF OF MEXICO... THE OLD AZTEC CITIES OFTEN REVEAL RELICS OF GOLD, ANNE! I'D LIKE TO FIND SOME GOLDEN CHALICES!



I SURE HOPE WE DO, BOB!

YOUNG PROFESSOR MARTIN DIDN'T REALIZE... IF THE BOSS FINDS ANY GOLD, HE'LL NEVER LIVE TO BRING IT BACK! WE'LL SEE TO THAT, EH, REP?



YOU SAID IT!

THAT EVENING, WHEN YOUNG PROFESSOR MARTIN'S SMALL ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION WAS ENCAMPED...

EVER HEARD OF QUETANA, RAMON? IT'S SOMEWHERE NEAR HERE, ISN'T IT?

QUETANA? OH, SEÑOR, WE CANNOT GO THERE! WE DO NOT DARE!



NOT QUETANA! THAT IS THE CITY OF THE LIVING DEAD!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, LIVING DEAD? THE AZTECS ALL DIED HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO!



NOT AZTECS, SEÑOR! IT IS SAID THAT ONLY HALF A CENTURY AGO, EVIL MEN CAME HERE AND IN THE RUINS OF QUETANA, THEY DIED! BUT STILL THEY LIVE THERE!



IT WAS A STRANGE AND TERRIBLE STORY!

"A BAND OF CRIMINALS WAS BEING TRANSPORTED FROM A CARIBBEAN PENAL COLONY, AND ONE NIGHT...



AT EIGHT BELLS TO-NIGHT! YOU'LL GIVE US THE SIGNAL, TORQUE?

YES!

WE'LL KILL THEM ALL, AND TAKE OVER THE SHIP!

AND AT MIDNIGHT...



AAIEEE!

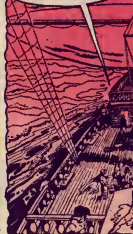
HELP! HELP!



AAIEEE!!

HELP! UGH!

I'LL SAIL FOR THE MEXICAN COAST! WE'LL LAND BY NIGHT, SCATTER AND ESCAPE!



YES! YES! TORQUE IS IN COMMAND! HE KNOWS WHAT'S BEST FOR US TO DO!

"THEY SAILED INTO THE GULF OF MEXICO, AND AS THEY NEARED THE MEXICAN COAST..."

WE'RE CRASHING ON A REEF!

WE'RE GONERS!

CRASH!

"SOMEHOW MOST OF THEM GOT ASHORE THEY TOOK REFUGE IN A RUINED CITY WHICH WAS NEAR-BY! AND THEY FOUND..."

AND HERE ARE GOLDEN PLATES!

WHAT LUCK! THIS CHALICE-- IT'S SOLID GOLD!

WE'LL DIVIDE IT ALL UP, AN' WHEN THE STORM'S OVER, WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE! HA-HA! WE'RE RICH!

"A FORTUNE IN AZTEC GOLD! BUT..."

SOMETHING'S THE MATTER WITH ME!

HE'S SICK! HE LOOKED QUEER YESTERDAY! I NOTICED IT!

IT WAS THE DREAD AND TERRIBLE YELLOW FEVER! THEY HAD BROUGHT IT WITH THEM, AND NOW, IN A FEW DAYS...

WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE! HELP! HELP!

WON'T SOMEBODY COME AND HELP US?

"AND JUST AS THE LAST OF THEM DIED, QUETZAL APPEARED! HE IS THE AZTEC GOD OF JUSTICE, SEÑOR! AND TO THESE EVIL MEN HE BROUGHT A STRANGE AND TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT!"

EVIL ONES, YOU HAVE PROFANED MY CITY! ETERNAL PUNISHMENT SHALL BE YOURS! EVEN IN DEATH, YOU SHALL NOT REST! FOREVER SHALL YOU ROAM IN LIVING DEATH--SUFFERING THE TORTURES OF THE DAMNED!

WELL! QUITE A STORY, RAMON!

AND THEY ARE THERE IN QUETANA NOW, SEÑOR! THE TERRIBLE LIVING DEAD! I WAS NEAR THERE ONCE! I COULD HEAR THEM WAILING!

WE WON'T GO THERE! NO, NEVER!

BOB MARTIN WAS A SCIENTIST! HOW COULD HE BE FRIGHTENED BY THE TALE OF SUPERSTITIOUS NATIVES? AND MARTIN'S TWO ASSISTANTS, WITH THEIR GREED AND THEIR BLACK THOUGHTS OF MURDER...

THAT KIND OF STUFF DOESN'T SCARE ME, RAMON! HA-HA!

THE BOSS IS GOIN' THERE!

GOOD! SO ARE WE!



YOU HEARD WHAT THE BOY SAID ABOUT GOLDEN CHALICES? I SURE HOPE THAT PART IS TRUE!

AN' IF THE BOSS AN' THE GIRL DIE THERE, IT'LL BE BLAMED ON ALL THAT GHOST STUFF!



THE NATIVE BOYS DECAPED THAT NIGHT. AND THE NEXT AFTERNOON...

IT IS, ANNE! THE OLD CITY OF QUETANA!

CITY OF THE LIVING DEAD! OH, BOB, MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T GO ANY FARTHER!

UGH! GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

NOT ME! I'M THINKING ABOUT THAT GOLD!

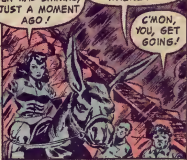


WAS IT JUST COINCIDENCE? THE SUDDEN, VIOLENT STORM CAME UP UNHERALDED!

WHY--WHY, THE SUN WAS SHINING, JUST A MOMENT AGO!

COME ON--WE'LL CAMP INSIDE, SOMEWHERE!

C'MON, YOU, GET GOING!



WE'LL UNLOAD THE STUFF AND CAMP HERE! GROGAN, SEE IF THERE'S ANY BRUSHWOOD AROUND! WE'LL BUILD A FIRE!

RIGHT, BOSS!

BOB, I --I'M FRIGHTENED!



BUT THE FIRE WAS COMFORTING, AND THEY WERE ALL HUNGRY...

I'LL JUST TAKE A LOOK AROUND, WHILE YOU'RE GETTING SUPPER!

NO! NO, DON'T LEAVE ME, BOB!



THE FOOLISH SCIENTIST! HIS COLD LOGIC WOULDN'T LET HIM BE FRIGHTENED!

LISTEN! SOMETHING'S MOANING!

JUST THE MOANING OF THE WIND OUTSIDE! COME ON, ANNE, LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN THIS ROOM!



LOOK! OVER THERE! AZTEC GOLDEN RELICS!

BOB! THOSE VOICES! VOICES OF THE LIVING DEAD!

LOOK, THESE PEOPLE ARE ALIVE! LIVING PEOPLE! HA-HA! JUST WHAT WE NEED--WHAT WE MUST HAVE!



LIVING PEOPLE! SEE THEM?

WARM LIFEBLOOD! RELIEF FROM OUR TORTURE!

VITALITY OF THE LIVING! WE MUST HAVE IT!

BOB!

WHA--?



ANNE, WAIT! WE'LL GATHER SOME OF THOSE GOLD RELICS, AND WHEN THE STORM IS OVER, WE'LL GO!

NO! NO! WE MUST GO NOW--BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



OF THEM ALL, ONLY ANNE REALIZED THE TERRIBLE TRUTH! WITH MARTIN AFTER HER SHE FLED IN WILD TERROR! BUT...

EASY, ANNE! YOU'RE Hysterical! WE CAN'T GO OUT IN THIS STORM!

OH, BOB!!!

ZZZZ! CRACK!



AND AT THAT MOMENT...

YOU HEARD WHAT HE SAID ABOUT GOLD STUFF? IT'S HERE, ALL RIGHT! NOW'S OUR CHANCE!

WE'LL FINISH-UP HIM AN' THE GIRL NOW! ALL THE LOOT-- JUST FOR US! C'MON!



AND AS THE MURDEROUS PAIR CREPT FORWARD...

BLOOD! BLOOD THAT
WE MUST HAVE!

THE BOSS'LL
NEVER KNOW
WHAT HIT HIM!
HA-HA!

WHA--Z

THE RAVENING, GRISLY CREATURES
POUNCED! AND...

HA-HA-HA!

HELP!...
AAIEEE!

ALL IN THAT TERRIBLE MOMENT THE HUNGRY,
THIRSTING THINGS WILDLY FOUGHT, EACH FOR
IT'S SHARE...TO GET ALL IT COULD BEFORE
IT'S COMPANIONS ARRIVED! AND THEN...

YOU TOOK MORE THAN
YOUR SHARE!

IT'S GONE! THEY'VE
TAKEN IT ALL!

A LIVING
MAN AND GIRL
STILL REMAIN!
WE SAW THEM!

AND AT THAT SAME
INSTANT...

WHAT'S
THAT?

BOB!
DON'T GO!
WAIT! WAIT!

HELP!
AAIEEE!

THEN SUDDENLY...

BOB! BOB!

YEOW!!
ANNE! RUN!
RUN!

STOP! STOP! I SHALL
ATTEND TO THIS! EACH
SHALL HAVE HIS SHARE
...THIS TIME!

YES! YES! EACH
WILL HAVE HIS
SHARE!

THE MAN SHALL BE FIRST!
AND EACH OF US WILL HAVE
HIS SHARE!

YES! YES!
TORQUE IS
RIGHT!



IT'S QUETZAL!...
OUR ONLY MASTER!

STOP! EVIL ONES--GO
BACK TO YOUR ETERNAL
SUFFERING! BACK, I SAY!

BECAUSE THE GREAT QUETZAL, AZTEC
GOD OF JUSTICE, KNOWS ALL THINGS,
THE MURDEROUS THOMPSON AND GRO-
GAN HAD MET THEIR JUST FATE! BUT
YOUNG MARTIN AND ANNE...



OF THEM
ALL, ONLY YOU TWO
ARE NOT REALLY EVIL!
I SHALL SPARE YOU!

AND AS THE SHINING PHANTOM LIFTED
ITS ARMS, THE GOLDEN CHAINS WHICH
BOUND THEM...

BE
GONE! AND NEVER
AGAIN MUST YOU
DARE PROFANE MY
SACRED CITY!

NEVER!
NEVER!

BOB! WE'RE
FREE! FREE!



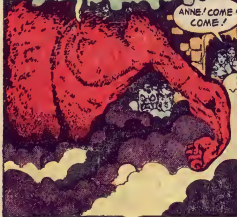
AND AS THEY FLED, SUDDENLY...

IT'S--IT'S THOMPSON
AND GROGAN!

TAKE US
WITH YOU!

PLEASE! PLEASE!

I HAVE CLOTHED YOU IN THE REMNANTS OF
YOUR FLESH--SO THAT YOU, TOO, MAY SUFFER
THE TORMENTS OF THE LIVING DEAD!
GO BACK AMONG YOUR FELLOWS! HA-HA!



ANNE! COME!
COME!

ING UPON A NEW DAY! WILDLY THEY
RAN, WITH THE WAILING CITY OF THE
LIVING DEAD FOREVER BEHIND THEM!

OH-H-H-H-H!
HELP US.

WON'T SOMEBODY
SPARE US THIS
ETERNAL TORTURE!



THERE IS
GOLD FOR THE
TAKING; OUT
THERE IN THE
CITY OF THE
LIVING DEAD!
PERHAPS YOU
THINK YOU'D
LIKE TO GO
AND GET IT?
BEWARE!!



END

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THE GLISTENING DEATH

I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, UNCLE!
I'M GOING TO CHOKE THE BREATH
OUT OF YOUR LYING THROAT!

N-NO, I SPEAK THE TRUTH!
LOOK THERE, BEHIND YOU! DON'T
YOU SEE IT? Y-A-A-A-A-H!
IT'S THE GLISTENING
DEATH!

IT ALL BEGAN WHEN
WARREN ARNO DECIDED
TO PAY A VISIT TO HIS
ECCENTRIC OLD UNCLE,
RECLUSE ROBERT ARNO
WHO HAD LIVED IN THE
LOUISIANA SWAMPS FOR
YEARS...

WHAT A WEIRD, SMELLY
PLACE! PHEN! BUT IT'S
THE PERFECT HIDEOUT
FOR ME UNTIL THE HEAT
IS OFF IN THE BIG CITY.
THE COPS'LL NEVER
FIND ME HERE!

YES? WHAT IS IT
YOU WISH?

I'M WARREN
ARNO, ROBERT
ARNO'S NEPHEW.
LET ME IN!

INTO THE SWAMPLANDS, WHERE MANY HAD GONE
BUT NONE HAD RETURNED, WENT WARREN ARNO!
HIS ECCENTRIC UNCLE HAD HOARDED AWAY A
FORTUNE IN GOLD... AND A MYSTERIOUSLY BEAU-
TIFUL GIRL BECKONED HIM WITH HER UNEARTHLY
EYES! BUT WAITING PATIENTLY IN THE MURKY
DEPTHS OF THE EERIE MARSHLAND WAS A
CREATURE WHO LURKED IN SEARCH OF HUMAN
PREY FOOLISH ENOUGH TO WANDER INTO THE
HUNTING GROUNDS OF... *THE GLISTENING DEATH!*

MODEL
and
ALASCA



WARREN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I THOUGHT YOU HAD A BUSINESS IN THE CITY!

I DID, UNCLE! BUT THINGS GOT A LITTLE TOO--UH--SLOW! AREN'T YOU GOING TO WELCOME ME?



THE YOUNG MAN PACED UP AND DOWN IN HIS ROOM, THINKING OUT HIS NEXT MOVE...

THE OLD BOY WASN'T EXACTLY TICKLED TO SEE ME! I HEARD HE WAS A CHARACTER--BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE BEHIND HIS JUMPINESS....



YOU MUST BE JOKING, UNCLE! I PLAN TO STAY HERE FOR SOME TIME! BUT WHAT ARE THESE--DANGERS?

I--I CANNOT SAY! BUT IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE AND YOUR SANITY, YOU'LL LISTEN TO ME!



YES---OF COURSE...HUGO! SHOW MY NEPHEW TO THE GUEST ROOM! HE PROBABLY NEEDS TO REST! THE TRIP THROUGH THE SWAMPS IS QUITE STRENUOUS!



ALL RIGHT, MR. ARNO! FOLLOW ME..... DINNER IS AT SEVEN!



SO AT DINNER WARREN ARNO PLAYED HIS CARDS WITH SLICK PERFECTION...

TELL ME, UNCLE! HOW CAN YOU STAND TO LIVE HERE IN THIS PLACE? YOU HAVE NO ELECTRICITY, NO MODERN CONVENIENCES...



I LIKE QUIET, WARREN! AND I AM COMPLETELY CONTENT HERE!

BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME! THE SWAMP IS NO PLACE FOR OUTSIDERS! THERE ARE DANGERS HERE THAT ORDINARY PEOPLE CANNOT UNDERSTAND! YOU MUST LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!



LOOK OUT THERE! UNKNOWN TERROR LURKS OUT THERE! TAKE MY ADVICE! LEAVE WHILE YOU CAN!

PERHAPS I WILL, UNCLE--IN THE MORNING....

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! IT'S OBVIOUS THAT YOU'RE HIDING SOMETHING FROM ME! BUT, WHAT...?



WARREN ARNO WENT TO BED THAT NIGHT WITH MANY DOUBTS IN HIS MIND ABOUT HIS UNCLE'S SANITY. BOTHERED BY A STRANGE UNEASINESS, HE SLEPT FITFULLY, UNTIL...

IT'S TOO HOT HERE...I--I CAN'T SLEEP! I'LL...



ARRGHHH-- HELP!
AROUND MY THROAT--!
ARRRGHH--!



THEN... IT'S WITHDRAWING INTO
THE SWAMP! I--I COULDN'T
HAVE IMAGINED IT! GOOD LORD!
WHAT WAS THAT THING? IT
GLISTENED IN THE
MOONLIGHT!



THE NEXT MORNING, WARREN THOUGHT
IT BEST NOT TO MENTION ANYTHING...

GOOD MORNING,
NEPHEW! DID YOU
HAVE A GOOD
SLEEP?

NEVER
BETTER! THINK
I'LL GO FOR A
WALK! OH--BY
THE WAY--I'VE
CHANGED MY
MIND! I'M
GOING TO STAY
FOR A FEW
MORE DAYS!



FOR HE HAD A PLAN--
AND NOW HIS SUSPICIONS
WERE STRONGER.

THAT OLD GOAT
TRIED TO SCARE
ME! PROBABLY
HIS CARETAKER
IN SOME SORT
OF COSTUME!
I BET HE'S
HIDING GOLD
ON THE
GROUNDS...



WARREN DUG UP HALF THE
PLACE IN SEARCH OF THE
TREASURE HE SUSPECTED
HIS UNCLE OF HAVING
HOARDED. BUT HE FOUND
NOTHING! AND THAT EVE-
NING...

WHY SHOULD A
MAN WANT TO LIVE HERE--
IF NOT FOR SOME WEALTH
HE'S CAREFULLY GUARDED.
HE'S KNOWN TO BE A MISER...



YOU!!
WHY HAVE
YOU
COME?

ROBERT!
YOU PROM-
ISED TO
VISIT MY
HOUSE--
AND YOU
DID NOT!
YOU HAVE
A VISITOR?



WELL-HELLO! I DIDN'T
KNOW OTHER PEOPLE
LIVED HERE! I'M
GOING TO LIKE MY
STAY HERE!



I SHALL LOOK FOR-
WARD TO YOUR
PRESENCE,
THEN!

I-I'LL BE OVER TO YOUR
HOUSE--LATER! NOW
LEAVE THIS HOUSE,
AT ONCE!



I SHALL EXPECT
YOU! GOOD BYE,
MY NEW FRIEND!
I SHALL SEE YOU
VERY SOON! HA,
HA!

UNCLE! YOU
TREATED HER
SHAMELESSLY!
I DEMAND AN
EXPLANATION,
UNCLE!

WARREN, I--
I'M NOT
FEELING
WELL! HUGO--
HELP ME TO
MY ROOM!



PUZZLED, WARREN RETIRED
TO HIS ROOM... BUT ONLY TO
WAIT FOR HIS UNCLE'S FOOT-
STEPS... MOMENTS AFTERWARD...

HE'S LEAVING FOR THE
SWAMPS! THIS IS GETTING
MORE CRAZY BY THE MINUTE!
I'LL FOLLOW HIM...



WARREN SHAOOWED HIS
UNCLE INTO THE FOUL-
SMELLING MARSHES...

WHY DID HE SEEM
SO SUBSERVIENT
TO HER? WHO IS
SHE? I MUST
FIND--- UGHHH!
SOMETHING'S GOT
ME ABOUT THE
ANKLE!



FORGIVE ME
IF I WAS
TAROY! I-I
COULDN'T
COME TO YOU
WITH MY
NEPHEW IN
THE HOUSE!

IT IS WELL!
FO'LLOW ME--
INTO THE
SWAMP!



I-I OBEY! INTO
THE SWAMP!

AND TO MY
DEN, WHERE I
SHALL FEED ON
YOUR OFFERINGS!
HA, HA, HA...



THEN, OUT OF THE MORASS AND SWIRLING WATERS OF THE SWAMP, AROSE --- **HORROR!**

AAAAAGHH! S-STAY AWAY FROM ME!
DON'T TOUCH ME!



I--I SHOT INTO IT--AND IT WON'T DIE! I'LL
TEAR IT AWAY FROM MY THROAT! I'LL RIP
IT OFF ME! **THERE! HELP! HELP!**



HE RAN WITH THE
DESPERATION OF A
MAN POSSESSED!
HIS MIND WAS ONE
CHAOTIC THOUGHT
OF ESCAPE...

YA-A-A-AH!
I'VE GOT TO
GET BACK
IN THE HOUSE...
PUFF... PUFF...



IT--IT WAS THE SAME *THING*
THAT TRIED TO CHOKE ME LAST
NIGHT! THAT--THAT WAS *REAL!*
WHAT'S GOING ON IN THIS
HOUSE?



WARREN ARNO TIPTOED INTO THE HOUSE,
AND WHAT HE SAW LEFT HIM SPEECHLESS!

ANOTHER SACK OF GOLD!
I-I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE!
I--I'LL GO MAD! I MUST TELL
SOMEONE! I MUST!



YOU DIRTY MISER! SO
THAT'S IT! YOU TRIED
TO FRIGHTEN ME!
YOU DIDN'T WANT
ME TO SEE YOUR
GOLD!

NO! YOU DON'T UNDER-
STAND! I DISCOVERED
A HORROR OUT THERE
IN THE SWAMP--WITH AN
ALIEN INTELLIGENCE
GREATER THAN OUR OWN!
I--I'M ITS *SLAVE!* IT
GIVES ME GOLD IN
RETURN!



YOU DIRTY,
OLD LIAR! I'LL
CHOKE THE
BREATH OUT
OF YOUR
THROAT!

WARREN--
DON'T!
PLEASE!
ARRRRHHH!



WARREN ARNO SQUEEZED UNTIL HIS FINGERS MET IN THEIR OWN EMBRACE OF DEATH. THEN HE WENT GOLD-CRAZY--LAUGHING, SHOUTING, SINGING--UNTIL SOMEONE STOOD BEFORE HIM IN THE DOORWAY...

HAHA COME IN! I'VE HIT PAYDORT, BABY! LOOK AT THIS! I'M RICH!
HA, HA!



THE OLD MAN--
HE IS--?

YEAH! I KILLED HIM! I'LL MAKE YOU RICH-- RICHER THAN YOU EVER WERE BEFORE!



AND WHAT OF-- HUGO? WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH HIM? WHO WILL THERE BE TO TAKE CARE OF ME!



I'LL KNOCK HIM OFF, TOO! I'VE KILLED PLENTY OF SQUARES IN MY TIME! THAT'S WHY I'M HERE! BUT NOW WE GOT MILLIONS, BOT OF US!

SO YOU WILL TAKE CARE OF ME? THEN YOU DO NOT KNOW! HA, HA! GOOD! IT IS EVEN BETTER THAN I HAD WISHED! YES-- YOU ARE YOUNG, STRONG! YOU SHALL BE EXCELLENT!



W-WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

YOUR UNCLE'S TASK WAS TO FEED ME WITH MEAT--RED MEAT! I-- I-- I AM THE FIRST OF MY SPECIES ON YOUR PLANET. I MUST GROW! I MUST HAVE SUSTENANCE! YOU WILL HELP ME GROW!



NO! NO! YOU'RE CHANGING! I-- I-- I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THE MONSTER FROM THE SWAMPS!

THE GOLD I GAVE TO ROBERT ARNO WAS FOR-- HIS BODY! I NEED THE BODY ENERGY OF YOU MORTALS IN ORDER TO LIVE! HE AND HUGO WERE MY MINDLESS SLAVES! BUT FOR YOU-- THERE SHALL BE EVEN GREATER GLORY! COME HERE!



AAAA!

YOU SHALL BECOME PART OF ME!



TERROR OF THE SKELETON MEN

I am an old woman now, but still the nightmares come. Still, on the horrible wings of evil dreams, I am transported far below the surface of the earth to a land where sightless, scuttling things dart blindly through the tunnels built by an army of dead men, who—but I get ahead of my story....

My name was Myra Cummings. I was one of the first women allowed by Gordon University to take a Doctor's degree in archeology. In order to collect enough data to write a suitable doctoral thesis I traveled to Africa, to do research among the fabulous old tombs of the ancient Pharaohs. It was while I puttered around in the interior of a dusty mausoleum which held the remains of a ruler who had been dead three thousand years that it happened. I was trying to decipher the hieroglyphics encribed on some crumbling clay tablets. The light in the crypt was weak. My eye fell upon an old oil lamp; it was a primitive thing, but I saw to my amusement that there was fuel in it, evidently placed there by one of my native assistants. I struck a match and touched the flickering flame to the wick of the lamp. I lighted without trouble, but it smoked a lot, and I wasted a



I had fainted as the skeleton-men had approached me, and when I awoke I found myself a prisoner in one of the caverns which made up the

few minutes trimming the wick. Then I set it on a stone ledge and returned to my clay tablets.

The first indication I had of anything wrong was the odor. The smell was sickeningly sweet. It crept over me and made my limbs feel heavy and weak. It was like some evil incense. I tried to fight off the feeling of drowsy lethargy which was slipping over me. Dimly I realized that the sweet smell that arose from the burning liquid in the lamp was causing my sleepiness. Then, just before I slipped into the peaceful gteyness of unconsciousness, I saw it happen. A section of the stone wall of the mausoleum swung away, disclosing a series of stone steps which seemed to drop straight downward, to I knew not where. And from up those steps came clambering a ragged, emaciated, skull-faced mob of dead men!

City of the Living Dead. I was in a huge chamber which was guarded by living skeletons of the same kind as those which had taken me prisoner on the earth's surface. But there were human beings there, too, prisoners like me. I found that a young man nearby was gazing at me with pity. He introduced himself as Allen Clift, an English big-game hunter who the skeleton men had seized in the eerie fastness of the African jungle. Allen was a great comfort to me in the trying days that followed. His steadiness and courage helped me to keep my sanity in the face of the horrors that were shown to us.

The skeleton men began by explaining that we were to be changed by a gradual process which would make us just like them in minds and bodies. They took us on an inspection tour of their city, and what we saw made our flesh crawl with disgust and our blood run icy cold in our veins. For they were running a factory of evil, and the product that they were manufacturing was living dead men! We saw the horrible process in all of its awful stages, and we were told the story of the dream of the Living Dead to overrun the surface of the earth and turn every human into an immortal monster.

"They're insane!" I whispered to Allen.

He nodded grimly. "Yes," he said. "Yes, they're insane. But they can carry out their plan, unless something happens to stop them before it's too late!"

I thought of a world controlled by the creatures who stood before me, and I shud-

dered. "What can we do to stop them, Allen?" I whispered.

He was strong and full of courage, but I felt him shudder, too. "I don't know," he said. "But you can pray!"

As if I hadn't been praying right along!

The skeleton men were efficient. They used every hour; while we were waiting our turn to be transformed into Living Dead, we were all assigned tasks. Allen and I were taken to a cave where long rows of men and women had been strung from the ceiling by long ropes tied to their wrists. They were horrible to look at. Their hair had turned color; their fingernails had grown until their hands were claw-like; and their flesh had wasted away until they were almost like the skeleton men in appearance.

These were the "lucky" humans chosen by the Living Dead to be given the gift of immortal life! I felt faint. If this was what I'd look like when they finished with me, anything was better than allowing them to make a monster of me!

Allen and I were given whips and were instructed to beat the creatures if they started to scream. I looked at Allen in wonderment when I heard that. Later, when we were alone, Allen told me what was probably the reason for our macabre jobs.

"Living underground as they do," he explained, "they're no doubt afraid that any loud noise will cause vibrations great enough to start cave-ins and landslides."

But I was too distraught to

listen. "Allen, I must get out of here!" I ground out through clenched teeth. "Take me out of here!"

"Myra, listen closely," Allen said burrily. "Have you noticed that all of the tunnels seem to incline slightly? I think that each tunnel rises almost imperceptibly, and that by following the tunnels to their very end we can reach the surface of the earth!" And Allen outlined the plans for our escape. That night, when all was quiet in the great cave for the whimpering of the poor unfortunates who were strung up by their wrists awaiting transformation into Living Dead beings, we lay down our whips and crept out into the tunnel.



None of our captors were in sight, luckily, and we sped up the dark stone corridors for our very lives. Overhead huge black bats brushed their great wings against the damp rock ceiling. Blind lizards scuttled across the stone floor with a dry, scraping sound. And behind us there arose a great wail as the hanging victims of the Living Dead discovered that no one was there to whip them, and

gave vent to their pain.

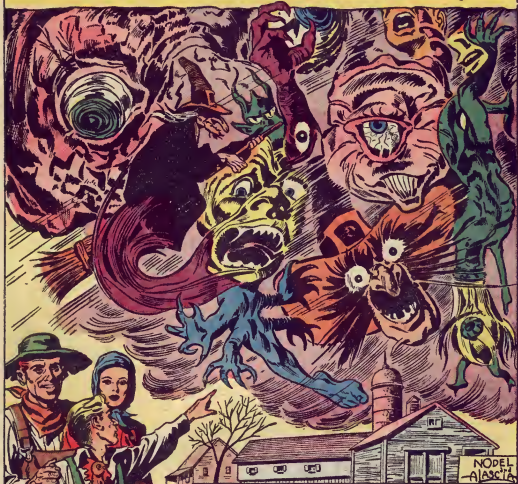
When Allen heard the screams behind us he grasped my arm and urged me to hurry. And I soon understood why, for behind us there began to sound an ominous series of groaning rumblings, as tons of earth shifted and moved above the networks of underground tunnels. The noise of the screaming was causing small cave-ins; we had to get out of the tunnels before the ceiling fell in on top of us!

Suddenly we saw a pinpoint of white light in the blackness before us. It was the light of a star, seen through an opening to the surface! I have looked at the stars many, many times in the course of my long life, but no star has ever looked as beautiful to me as that silver pinpoint of light. And just as we saw it—the major caverns began! I heard unholy shrieks and groans as the Living Dead met their final doom, and then a falling rock struck me on the temple and I knew no more.

I married Allen Clift exactly three months after he carried me from the collapsing horror which had been the City of the Living Dead. Allen and a party of his friends patrolled the region above the unholy city for a long time after the cave-ins, but no trace of the Living Dead has ever been found. And it is better so.

But sometimes, although I am an old woman, I have nightmares. And then the Living Dead live once more, and I see the folds of flesh hang from their faces, and I have to reach out and touch Allen to keep from screaming out loud....

THE WITCHES COME AT MIDNIGHT!



THE FARM OF EZRA RAINEY WAS BEWITCHED! OUT OF THE BLACK VOID OF THE UNKNOWN, STRANGE AND DIABOLIC SHAPES CAME TO MENACE THE PEACEFUL FARMER AND HIS FAMILY! GRISLY TERROR STRUCK AT THEM WHEN THEY LEARNED THAT...
"THE WITCHES COME AT MIDNIGHT!"

THIS IS REALLY THE STRANGE STORY OF JOEL RAINEY-- AND HIS PET ROOSTER!

NOW, PETER, YOU PAY ATTENTION! YOU DO IT RIGHT AN' I'LL FEED YOU LOTS OF CORN! READY, NOW!



PETER WAS VERY INTELLIGENT! JOEL HAD TAUGHT HIM LOTS OF TRICKS! LIKE THIS ONE, WHEN AT THE MAGIC WORD PETER WOULD CROW LUSTILY!

GAZAM!





GOOD BOY!
HERE'S YOUR
SUPPER!



THE WEIRD MANIFESTATIONS BEGAN
ONE NIGHT WHEN JOEL WAS AWAK-
ENED BY A SHUTTER BANGING AT
HIS BEDROOM WINDOW! IT WAS
MIDNIGHT!

WHA--?

CUCKOO!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!



IT WAS VERY ODD!

SAY, THAT WAS FUNNY!
THERE'S NO WIND AT ALL
TO MAKE THE SHUTTER
BANG!

THAT WAS THE BEGINNING! IT DIDN'T FRIGHTEN
JOEL. WHY SHOULD IT? BUT NOW THERE CAME
ANOTHER NIGHT WHEN...



THERE IT GOES AGAIN!
THERE'S SOMETHING
OUTSIDE!

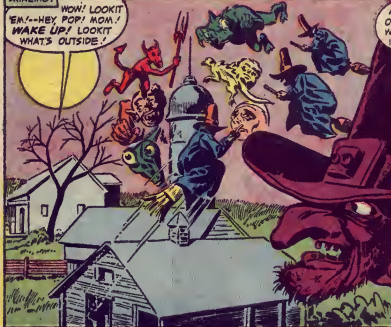
BANG!
BANG!

CUCKOO!
CUCKOO!



YEOW! WHAT'S
OUT THERE?

THEN IN THE SILENT BARNYARD, THE WHOLE UNHOLY CREW WERE VISIBLE! AND
DOWN THROUGH THE LONG, PALE RIBBONS OF CLOUDS, THE WITCHES CAME
SKIRLING!



WOW! LOOKIT
'EM!--HEY POP! MOM!
WAKE UP! LOOKIT
WHAT'S OUTSIDE!

JOEL'S YELLS AROUSED
HIS PARENTS, BUT...

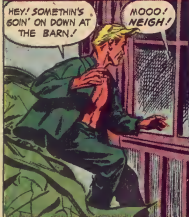


NOTHING'S
OUTSIDE! YOU
WERE DREAM-
INS, BOY!

I WASN'T!
I TELL YOU,
I SAW 'EM!

YOU HAD
A NIGHT-
MARE, SON!

NATURALLY, JOEL'S PARENTS COULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT HE TOLD THEM! BUT THE VERY NEXT NIGHT...



HEY! SOMETHIN'S GOIN' ON DOWN AT THE BARN!

MOOO! NEIGH!

HEY, POP! WAKE UP! WAKE UP!

WHA--?



THEY RUSHED OUTSIDE, AND...

HEAR IT, POP? SOMETHING AT THE HORSES AND COWS!

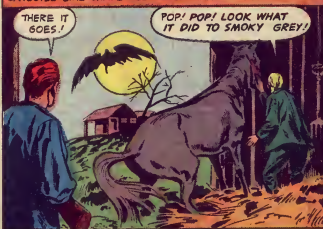
A MARAUDER! WE'LL GRAB HIM!



THEN... LOOK, POP! THAT'S THE THING THAT BANGED MY SHUTTER LAST NIGHT!



THERE WAS NO CHANCE TO SHOOT IT! IN AN INSTANT THE WEIRD, CARGOYLE-LIKE SHAPE FLUTTERED AWAY! AND...



THERE IT GOES!

POP! POP! LOOK WHAT IT DID TO SMOKY GREY!

POP LOOK! SMOKY'S HEAD IS ALL BLOODY! THAT--THAT THING CHEWED AN' CLAWED... POOR SMOKY! TAKE IT EASY, GIRL!

WAS IT A BUZZARD? BUT I NEVER SAW A BUZZARD LIKE THAT!



FARMER RAINEY STILL WOULDN'T BELIEVE IN THE UNKNOWN! BUT IT SEEMED TO JOEL THAT MAYBE PETER UNDERSTOOD!

SOMETHIN' AWFUL QUEER'S GOIN' ON AROUND HERE, PETER!



AND THAT EVENING, WHEN MRS. RAINEY HAD GONE OUT INTO THE BARNYARD...

THAT'S MOM!

WH--?

AAWWEE!

BUZZARDS? VULTURES? THEIR VOICES CROAKED AND SCREAMED! THEIR FIERY EYES GLARED WITH UNHOLY LIGHT AS THEY ATTACKED!



DON'T FALL, MOM! RUN! RUN!

HELP! HELP!

??



THEY, AT LAST...

THERE THEY GO!

SLAM THE DOOR, POP! THEY MIGHT COME BACK!



I-AM SO FRIGHTENED!

WE'LL FIGURE IT OUT IN THE MORNING! JOEL, GO TO BED NOW!

AW! WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT! BUT I'M TELLING YOU...



EZRA RAINEY WAS A HARD-HEADED FARMER! HE DIDN'T FRIGHTEN EASILY, AND HE FIGURED THERE MUST ALWAYS BE A RATIONAL REASON FOR EVERYTHING.

MOM'S BOTH RIGHT! I TELL YOU, SILLY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT AN-- KIND OF BIRDS THEY WERE! BUT SOMETHING CAN BE DONE ABOUT THEM!



NOEL WAS PRETTY GOOD WITH A SLINGSHOT! AND UPSTAIRS IN HIS ROOM...

WISH I COULD GET A SHOT AT ONE OF THOSE THINGS!



IT WAS ALREADY NEARLY MIDNIGHT! JOEL WAS TOO EXCITED TO SLEEP, AND WHEN MIDNIGHT CAME...

THERE'S ONE OF 'EM! I'LL GET IT NOW!



THE WEIRD BIRD FELL TO THE GROUND! AND AS JOEL SCURRIED DOWNSTAIRS...

GUESS I ONLY WOUNDED IT! LOOKS LIKE IT CAN'T FLY!



AND AS JOEL FOLLOWED THE SCURRYING THING, SUDDENLY BEHIND HIM...

IT'S HEADIN' FOR THE CEMETERY!...HEY, PETER'S FOLLOWIN' ME! YOU GO BACK, PETER! I GOT NO CORN TO FEED YOU-- ISN'T TIME FOR EATING, ANYWAY!



THEN HE FORGOT PETER! THE WHITE HEADSTONES OF THE LITTLE CEMETERY WERE PALID SHAPES IN THE MOONLIGHT! AND AS THE WOUNDED GARGOYLE THING FLUTTERED AMONG THEM, SUDDENLY...

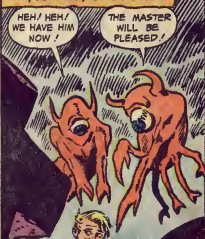
EEEE! THERE THEY ARE!



THEN, SUDDENLY, BEHIND JOEL...

HEH! HEH! WE HAVE HIM NOW!

THE MASTER WILL BE PLEASED!



A MEETING OF THE MINIONS OF SATAN! JOEL RANNEY DIDN'T KNOW THAT! HE STOOD, FOR JUST THAT MOMENT, FASCINATED...





AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT...

HERE HE IS, MASTER!

SO? HEH-HEH! HE IS GOOD, YOU SAY? HE SHALL MEET THE PUNISHMENT HE DESERVES!



YOU COME 'OF A GOOD FAMILY, THEY SAY! I HATE GOOD PEOPLE! I AM THEIR ENEMY, SWORN TO DESTROY THEM AND THEIR RIGHTEOUSNESS! SLAVE, PREPARE HIM FOR HIS DOOM!



NOW THEY WERE HEAVING BRUSHWOOD AROUND HIM, AND THE CAULDRONS WERE BUBBLING! JOEL WAS ALMOST TOO FRIGHTENED TO THINK...

...OH-HH--THERE'S PETER! HE FOLLOWED ME...

HURRY! HURRY! THE TORCH! BRING ME THE TORCH!



SUDDENLY AN IDEA CAME TO THE TERRIFIED JOEL, AND...

READY, NOW, PETER? GAZAM!

WHA--?

COCK-A-DOODLE DOO!



THE CROWING OF THE COCK! IT STRUCK SHUDDERING TERROR INTO THE MOTLEY DEVIL'S SPAWN--FOR CHANTICLEER IS A SERVANT OF GOD, AWED AND FEARED BY EVERYTHING EVIL! AGAIN AND AGAIN, PETER'S TRIUMPHANT VOICE RANG OUT, AND...

CHANTICLEER! I--I MUST GO!

CHANTICLEER! OH-HH-HH--! AWAY--AWAY EVERYONE!

THEY'RE AFRAID OF YOU! KEEP IT UP, PETER! GAZAM!



LIKE MIST FADING BEFORE SUNLIGHT, IN A MOMENT THEY WERE GONE! AND PRESENTLY, BACK AT THE FARMHOUSE...

JOEL! DON'T TALK SUCH NONSENSE! PUT PETER OUTSIDE AN' GET TO BED!

ANOTHER NIGHTMARE! HE'S SO FANCIFUL! NOW, JOEL...

HONEST, IT'S THE TRUTH! THEY'RE AFRAID OF PETER! NOTHIN' MORE THAT'S BAD WILL HAPPEN TO US! YOU'LL SEE!



AND NOTHING DID! THERE HAVE BEEN NO MORE EVIL MANIFESTATIONS AT THE RAINEY FARM SINCE THAT LAST WEIRD NIGHT! PERHAPS YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE JOEL EITHER, BUT...

BUT WE KNOW, DON'T WE, PETER?

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MANY DANGERS, BOTH SEEN AND UNSEEN, LURK IN THE DARK SILENCE OF THE CONGO LAND! THE INVISIBLE ONES ARE THE MOST DEADLY-- AS CAPTAIN DEATHTM LEARNED! THE NATIVES CALLED HIM BY THAT NAME BECAUSE THE RUTHLESS SLAVE TRADER HAD SENT SO MANY OF THEM TO THEIR GRAVES. WHEN THEIR HATED ENEMY FINALLY FELL INTO THEIR HANDS, THEY INVOKED THE DREAD SORCERY OF THEIR ANCESTORS TO TEACH HIM THAT...

DEATH HAS MANY TONGUES





BLASTED COWARDS!
THEM NATIVES HAVE BEEN
WAITING FOR THIS MOMENT
FOR YEARS! THEY'LL
SKIN ME ALIVE!



I DON'T GET IT...THEY'RE
JUST SITTING AROUND
AND GRINNING AT
ME!



AKLAI OMANO
ALLAI BUKWA
MANEEN!

WHAT ARE
THE FOOLS
TRYING TO
OO-- KILL
ME WITH
MAGIC?

ONANDO ON THE WITCH DOCTOR'S VOICE
DROINED, AND AS HE SPOKE, CAPTAIN DEATH
SEEMED TO RECALL THE FACE OF EACH
NATIVE HE HAD SLAIN ...



AKLAI!
AKLAI...

THERE'S THE CHIEF!
SHOT ON MY FIRST RAID...
AND THE ONE I TOSSED
OVERBOARD WHEN HE
SCREAMED TOO LOUD...
I SEEM TO SEE THEM
ALL!



CAPTAIN DEATH FELL INTO A DEEP SLUMBER, IN
WHICH HE RELIVED ALL OF THE EVIL DEEDS WHICH
HAD EARNED HIM HIS DREAD NICKNAME!



WHEN HE AWOKE, THE WITCH DOCTOR LOOSED HIS
BONDS, AND...

I---I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
HE'S... HE'S SETTING
ME FREE!

THE BEWILDERED CAPTAIN PLUNGED INTO THE DEEP UNDERBRUSH AND MADE FOR THE COAST...

SURE WAS A STRANGE DREAM...BUT I'M LUCKY TO GET AWAY WITH NO MORE THAN A NIGHTMARE!



BY DUSK...

AHOY, THERE, YOU LUBBERS! IT'S ME... YOUR CAPTAIN!



BEFORE HE SET SAIL, CAPTAIN DEATH DEALT IN HIS OWN BRUTAL FASHION WITH THOSE WHO HAD DESERTED HIM!

FOR MERCY'S SAKE...DON'T LEAVE US HERE, CAPTAIN!

YOU YELLOW-LIVERED CURS! I'M ONLY DOING TO YOU WHAT YOU DID TO ME!



AT SEA, THE CAPTAIN CHECKED HIS CARGO...

HALF OF THEM'LL DIE BY THE TIME I CROSS THE SEA! ...BUT THE REST WILL 'FETCH' A SMALL FORTUNE!



THAT NIGHT, HOWEVER, THE CAPTAIN HAD BAD DREAMS...

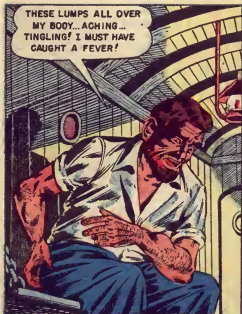
THE DEVILS! THEY...THEY'RE BURROWING INTO MY VERY FLESH!



AND WHEN HE AWOKE...

THAT DREAM AGAIN...ONLY THIS TIME IT WAS SO REAL! AND THE PAINS... ALL OVER MY BODY...EVERYWHERE THOSE CURSED HEADS TOUCHED ME...





THESE LUMPS ALL OVER
MY BODY... ACHING...
TINGLING! I MUST HAVE
CAUGHT A FEVER!



THE LUMPS... THEY... THEY'RE
BURSTING OPEN... LIKE BUDS...
BLOSSOMING... SOMETHING'S
COMING THROUGH... NO!
NO!... NO!



EACH LUMP... HAS BECOME A FACE...
THE FACES OF THE NATIVES I KILLED...
THE FACES THAT HAVE BEEN
HAUNTING ME IN MY
NIGHTMARES!



WE MEET
AGAIN, CAPTAIN
DEATH!

YOU KILLED US,
ONCE... NOW WE WILL
STAY UNTIL WE
KILL YOU!



NO! NO!
I KILLED YOU
BEFORE, AND
I'LL KILL YOU
AGAIN!

HA! HA! YOU CANNOT
KILL US... FOR WE
ARE PART OF YOU--
UNTIL
YOU
DIE!

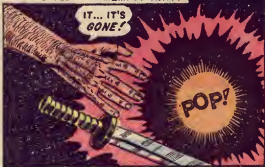
CAN'T KILL YUH, EN?...
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!



I'LL TOSS YUH OVERBOARD, THEN
SLICE OFF THE OTHER ONE! NO
MOULDY WITCH DOCTOR
WILL DRIVE ME MAD!



THE CAPTAIN REACHED OUT...BUT HIS GROPING
FINGERS CLUTCHED...EMPTY AIR!!



WHA--?

NO! HERE
I AM... AND
HERE I'LL
ALWAYS BE!
...TILL YOU'RE
GONE!



YOU LITTLE FIENDS! I'LL
GET RID OF YOU YET...AND
THIS OIL-SOAKED TORCH
WILL DO IT!



I'LL BURN
YOU OUT...
YEEEAHH!

HA! HA!
YOUR
FLESH
WILL SEAR
AND CRACKLE
WITH THE
FLAMES...BUT
IT DOESN'T
BOTHER US!





YOU KILLED US...NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO DIE!

THERE ONLY ONE WAY TO DESTROY US DESTROY YOURSELF!

STOP IT... GIVE ME PEACE!



SUDDENLY.

CAPTAIN! WHAT'S WRONG? WHO'S IN THERE WITH YOU?

THEY. THEY'LL KILL ME IF THEY FIND OUT! THEY. THEY'LL THINK THE CURSE WILL TRAVEL TO THEM!



STRANGLE YOURSELF AS YOU STRANGLED ME!

QUIET! DO YOU HEAR ME? QUIET!

FRANTIC WITH FEAR AND TERROR THE CAPTAIN BURST OUT OF HIS CABIN...



CAPTAIN! WHAT...WHAT'S WRONG? ULP!

OUT OF MY WAY, YOU FOOLS! I KNOW HOW TO GET RID OF THESE DEVILS!



I KNOW HOW TO STILL YOUR JABBERING TONGUES FOREVER!

HA HA! HA HA!

THE CAPTAIN NEVER ROSE FROM THE MURKY DEPTHS OF THE SEA! INSTEAD

DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

I...I'LL SEE IT EVERY LIVIN' DAY OF MY LIFE! LET'S GET AWAY FROM THIS ACCURSED SPOT...AS FAST AS WE CAN!



THE END...

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